

THE
Anniversary Ode

FOR THE
Fourth of DECEMBER, 1697.

HIS
Majesty's Birth-Day.

Another for
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1698.

Both Set to Musick, and Perform'd
At KENSINGTON.

The Words by N. TATE Servant to His MAJESTY.

L O N D O N:
Printed for ~~Richard Baldwin~~ near the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-Lane. MDGXC VIII.

THE

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

FOR THE

REVENUE OF THE CHURCH

AND

MAINTENANCE OF THE

OF THE

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

IN THE YEAR 1800

AND THE YEAR 1801

AND THE YEAR 1802

AND THE YEAR 1803

AND THE YEAR 1804

AND THE YEAR 1805

AND THE YEAR 1806

AND THE YEAR 1807

AND THE YEAR 1808

AND THE YEAR 1809

AND THE YEAR 1810

AND THE YEAR 1811

AND THE YEAR 1812

AND THE YEAR 1813

AND THE YEAR 1814

AND THE YEAR 1815

AND THE YEAR 1816

AND THE YEAR 1817

AND THE YEAR 1818

AND THE YEAR 1819

AND THE YEAR 1820

TO THE
READER.

THE Glorious Occasion upon
which these Odes were written,
viz. His Majesty's Birth-Day,
and the New Year, accompanied with the
Consummation of an Honourable P E A C E,
requir'd the utmost Liberties of Poetry;
but I was Confin'd (for the Present)
to such Measures and Compass as the
Musical Performance would admit ; upon
which Consideration the Reader's favour-
able allowance is requested, by

His Humble Servant,

N. T.

TO THE

READER
His Majesty's
Constitution of the 1st of June 1789
regard to the Liberty of the Press
See to Mr. B. (for the Press)
The Great and Noble
The Great and Noble

The Great and Noble

The Great and Noble

[1]

THE

ODE

UPON

His Majesty's Birth-Day.

Set to Musick by Dr. STAGGINS.

Summon to the chearful Plain
The Graces and the Muses Train.

They come, they come, in pompous Throng,
And, as in State they march along,
This is the Burthen of their Song :

Chorus.] *Virtue is at last Regarded,
And the Hero's Toils Rewarded.*

Hark

Hark how the Neighb'ring Nations round
 To *Britain's* Eccho'd Mirth resound !
 And various Languages employ
 To speak the Universal Joy.

Let Winter Smile, the Fields be Gay,
 Woods and Vales in Confort Sing,
 Flowing Tides their Tribute bring
 To Welcome *Peace* and *Cesar's* Day.

The Trumpet's Sound and Cannon's Roar,
 No longer are the Voice of War ;
 Yet both shall speak, and both be heard as far
 In *Triumph* now as in *Alarms* before.

In ancient Times of lawless Sway,
 When Nations groaning lay,
 Despairing all, and all Forlorn,
 Then was the Great *A L C I D E S* Born.

Such was *Europe's* late Distress,
 When for the Suffering World's Repose,
 With equal Courage and Success,
 Our Second *H E R C U L E S* arose.

O Fa-

O Favour'd both of Earth and Heav'n!
 To Thee, and only Thee, 'tis giv'n
Rome's first Cæsars to out-do;
 Our *Julius* and *Augustus* too.

War's dismal Scene is chang'd to Peace,
 Yet shall not his *Herculean* Labours cease:
 Nobler Wars he now will wage,
 Against Infernal Pow'rs engage,
 And quell the *Hydra-Vices* of the Age.

Grand CHORUS.

So Glorious a Task does a Hero require,
 Whom Valour and Virtue alike do Inspire:
 'Tis a Triumph reserv'd for the Just and the Brave,
 Who Fights to give Freedom, and Conquers to Save.

F I N I S.

[3]

O Father's love of truth and heaven
To those who only love the earth
Gone's his love to the earth
Our love and heaven too

And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven
And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven

Grand Chorale

And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven
And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven

Young as we are, we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven
Young as we are, we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven

Blessing that comes from the Lord
In the love of truth and heaven
Blessing that comes from the Lord
In the love of truth and heaven

And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven
And now we are all together
In the love of truth and heaven

[3]
THE
O D E
FOR
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1697⁸.

Set to Musick by Dr. B L O W.

MUfick now thy Charms display,
Let all thy Tuneful Sons appear,
To Entertain the Genial Day,
And kindly Treat the *Infant-Year*.

Young as 'tis, it brings along
Blessings on its tender Wing;
Blessings to requite your Song;
Blessings that forestal the S P R I N G.

Chorus.] *The promis'd Year is now arriv'd,
That has the Golden Age reviv'd.*

B

The

The Prize our daring Warrior fought,
Is now compleatly gain'd ;
Not poorly Begg'd, nor dearly Bought,
But Nobly, in the Field, obtain'd.

P E A C E her self could boast no Charms
To draw our Hero from Alarms,
From glorious Danger ----- till she came
In Honour's recommending Name,
And all the splendid Pomp of Fame.

B E L L O N A else had still been heard,
Thundring through the list'd Plain ;
E U R O P E still, with restless Pain,
Had for her fearless Champion fear'd.

Harra's'd Nations, now at Rest,
Eccho to each other's Joy,
Their Breath in grateful Songs employ,
For him who has their Griefs Redrest.

Chorus.] *What then should Happy Brittain do ?
Blest with the Gift and Giver too.*

On Warlike Enterprizes bent
 To Foreign Fields the Hero went;
 The Dreadful Part He there perform'd
 Of Battels Fought, and Cities Storm'd:
 But now the Drum and Trumpet Cease,
 And wish'd Success his Sword has Sheath'd,
 To Us returns, with Olive wreath'd,
 To practice here the Milder Arts of P E A C E.

Grand C H O R U S.

*Happy, Happy, past Expressing,
 Britain, if thou know'st thy Blessing;
 Home-bred Discord ne'er Alarm Thee,
 Other Mischief cannot Harm Thee.
 Happy, if thou know'st thy Blessing.
 Happy, Happy, past Expressing.*

F I N I S.